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# Bateman's Tragedy

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## Bateman's Tragedy

YOU gallant dames so finely fram'd,  
Of beauty's chiefest mould,  
And you that trip it up and down,  
Like lambs in cupid's fold,  
Here is a lesson to be learn'd,  
A lesson in my mind,  
For such as do prove false in love,  
And bear a falser mind.  
Not far from Nottingham of late,  
In Clifton as we hear,  
There liv'd a rich and comely maid,  
For beauty without peer.  
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose,  
Yet as you may perceive,  
The fairest face and falsest heart,  
The soonest will deceive.  
This beauteous dame she was belov'd,  
By many in that place,  
For many sought in marriage bed,  
Her body to embrace.  
At last a handsome proper youth,  
Young Bateman call'd by name,  
Hoping to make her a married wife,  
Unto this maiden came.  
Such love and liking there was found,  
That he from all the rest,  
Had stole away this maiden's heart,  
And she did love him best.  
Then plighted promise secretly,  
Did pass between these two,  
That nothing could but death itself,  
This true love's knot undo.  
He broke a piece of gold in twain,  
One half to her he gave,  
The other as a pledge said he,  
I for myself will have.  
If I do break my vows said he,  
While I remain alive,  
Ne'er may a thing I take in hand,  
Ever be seen to thrive.  
Thus passed on for two months space,  
And then this maid began,

To settle love and liking then,  
Upon another man.  
One Jermain, who a widower was,  
Needs must her husband be,  
Because he was of greater worth,  
And better in degree,  
Her vows and promise lately made,  
To Bateman she deny'd,  
And in despite of him and his  
She utterly defy'd.  
Well then, quoth he, if it be so,  
That you will me forsake,  
And like a false and forsworn wretch;  
Another husband take,  
Thou shalt not live one quiet hour,  
For I will surely have,  
Thee, either when alive or dead,  
When I am laid in grave.  
Thy faithless mind thou shalt repent,  
Therefore be well assur'd,  
When for thy sake, thou harden'd wretch,  
What torments I endur'd.  
But mark how Bateman died for love,  
And finished his life,  
That very day she married were,  
And made old Jermain's wife,  
For with a strangling cord, good wot,  
Great moan was made, therefore  
He hang'd himself in desperate sort,  
Before the bride's own door.  
Whereat such sorrow pierc'd her heart,  
And troubl'd sore her mind,  
That she could never after that,  
One day of comfort find.  
For wheresoever she did go,  
Her fancy did surprise,  
Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost,  
Appear'd before her eyes.  
When she in bed one night did lay,  
Within her husband's arms,  
In hopes thereby to sleep and rest,  
And be secure from harms.  
Great cries and grievous groans she heard,

You maidens that desire to love,  
And would good husbands choose,

A voice that sometimes said,  
O thou art she that I must have,  
I will not be deny'd.  
But then she being big with child,  
Was for the infant's sake,  
Preserved from the spirit's power,  
No vengeance could it take.  
The babe unborn did safely keep,  
As God appointed so,  
It's mother's body from the fiend,  
Which sought her overthrow.  
But being of her burden eas'd,  
And fairly brought to bed,  
Her care and grief began anew,  
And inward sorrow bred.  
Of most her friends she did entreat,  
Desiring them to stay.  
Out of the bed, quoth she, this night,  
I shall be torn away.  
Hence comes the spirit of love,  
With pale and ghastly face,  
Who till he bears me hence away,  
Will not depart this place.  
Alive or dead I am his right,  
And me he'll surely have,  
In spite of me and all the world,  
What I by promise gave.  
O watch with me, this night, I beg,  
But see you do not sleep,  
No longer than you keep awake,  
My body you can keep,  
They promised to do their best,  
Yet nothing could suffice,  
At middle of the night to keep,  
Soft slumber from their eyes.  
So being fallen fast asleep,  
To them unknown which way,  
The child bed woman that very night,  
From thence was borne away.  
And to what place no creature knew,  
Nor to this day can tell.  
As strange a thing as ever yet,  
In any age befel.

To him that you by vow do love,  
By no means do refuse,